

Personal Journals of Dakota Frandsen

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Dakota Frandsen

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Bald and Bonkers Network LLC

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First Printing, 2023

ISBN: 979-8-8690-4387-0

EISBN: 979-8-8690-4388-7

These accounts are recollections drawn from my knowledge, supplemented by information gathered through various means to shed light on the events described. It's essential to acknowledge that the accuracy of some incidents is open to interpretation, given my lack of strict journaling habits. I refrain from asserting 100% precision in my statements, yet collaborative research with individuals more versed in these matters instills confidence in their validity.

To uphold privacy, the names of those involved in these occurrences will be redacted. Given the elusive nature of the subject and the intricacy of the issues discussed, certain details may undergo modifications from their original descriptions, all in the pursuit of preserving the utmost accuracy.

Sincerely, Dakota Frandsen

Before Earth

Journal Entry - A Night of Chaos and Defiance

Tonight's patrol took an unexpected turn, delving into a realm that echoed eerie accounts of alleged Nazi space programs from Earth's history. The planetary work descriptions hinted at sinister activities in the 1940s, reminiscent of a dark chapter humanity wished to forget.

However, the focus of my journal tonight is not on Earth's past but on a recent encounter that unfolded during a night patrol. As I traversed the shadows, my senses attuned to the ominous atmosphere, I stumbled upon a scene that plunged me into a battle against a Draconian, a likely Ciakharr royal.

This colossal, beige creature, standing approximately 20 feet tall with wings and horns, had cornered three innocent children – a girl and two boys, no older than ten. Its intent was clear, and I found myself propelled into action, firing

my plasma-based rifle in an attempt to thwart its murderous plans.

The odds were against me, and while I doubt my shots caused significant harm, they certainly agitated the creature. Amidst the chaos, I urged the terrified children to flee, guiding them towards a nearby "escape pod" of sleek metal design. The craft, with doors opening from the side, seemed capable of carrying both passengers and supplies.

As we sought refuge in the craft, the Draconian persisted, attempting to breach the door and harm the children. A desperate struggle ensued, with the creature's head thrust inside, threatening the young lives. Realizing escape was impossible without confronting the creature, I grappled with the beast, attempting to fend it off.

Security protocols impeded our departure, and in a frantic effort to override them, I seized the creature's horns, twisting its neck. My rationale rested on the notion that Draconians' cloaking technology had vulnerabilities around the neck area. The craft lifted off with the creature still trapped, its body stretched in a panic until its neck cracked and detached.

A moment of gratitude flickered in the creature's eyes, shifting from a rampaging reptile to a being acknowledging the end of its life. Subsequently, I found myself momentarily detached from the world, reaching out to the Federation with a plea for assistance.

Hesitation lingered as I transmitted the distress call, fueled by fear of potential retaliation and concerns over my past affiliations. The Federation's response was swift, marked by a shared sense of dread, hinting at the gravity of the situation.

A woman from the Federation, strangely familiar, provided directions to an outpost for the children's safety. Seeking refuge became a hesitant decision, with a request for time to return to Taalihara and rescue my family. The urgency was palpable, as news spread of a rogue soldier aiding escapees.

Returning home was a chaotic affair, met with sleek crystal and metal structures, panic in the air, and confrontations with family members. The struggle to convince them of the imminent danger unfolded, with accusations and divisions tearing at the fabric of familial bonds.

Some believed my account, while others vilified me for what they perceived as betrayal. My mother, at the forefront of the confrontation, accused me of destroying the family. My sister, torn between allegiances, added a layer of complexity to the tumultuous scene.

A man, resembling a possible father figure, mediated the chaos, recognizing the necessity of my actions. Despite his love, he urged me to leave, acknowledging the peril my presence posed to everyone. It was a painful parting, with pleas for others to join me falling on deaf ears.

The next moments blurred into darkness as I was rendered unconscious, only to awaken on a surgical table in a humid, makeshift medical facility. A reptilian physician, granted permission to torment me, inflicted pain while a rescue explosion shattered the eerie silence.

Standing amidst the aftermath, my flesh laid bare, a man in a tight blue bodysuit and blonde hair found me. Weak and disoriented, I found solace in the presence of another human.

Upon healing, I faced two choices: seek refuge on another

world or enlist in the Galactic Federation of Worlds (GFW). Guided by the woman who answered my distress call, I chose to enlist as a medical officer, embarking on a journey that intertwined with cosmic destinies and unknown adventures.

Dates Undetermined

Galactic Federation of Worlds

During my tenure with the Federation, a significant chapter unfolded in my life as I forged a deep connection with the woman who responded to my distress call. Her name, akin to Aileena, marked the beginning of a profound journey. Hailing from Nyan, a planet in proximity to Sirius B, she left her home to join the Galactic Federation of Worlds, driven by the escalating influence of Nebu.

Aileena, a T'Ashkeru woman, stood slightly taller than most from her world, measuring just under six feet. Her features were distinct – long blonde hair, prominent cheekbones, and a pointed chin. Despite her dirty blonde locks and hypnotic blue eyes, she could easily be mistaken for a tall Asian woman.

Our connection deepened as we quickly bonded over shared backstories. It appeared that our families had crossed paths at some point, likely through work-related activities. Both of us willingly enlisted in the envoy program, a decision that bound our fates together.

In the envoy program, we navigated a rhythm of shared deployments and alternating duties. I recall moments where

I checked in on Aileena during her recent envoy deployment on Earth, ensuring her well-being and proper treatment. It became a ritual, not born out of obligation but as a heartfelt promise to watch over each other regardless of the circumstances.

However, she went down before me. The passage of time in that realm is elusive, akin to the movement of an ocean rather than a river. The exact duration remains unclear, shrouded in the mystique of cosmic time.

Dates Undetermined

Our ship lingered just beyond Earth's orbit, a staging point for a critical mission involving an elf and another male subject. Legal constraints on Earth constrained our actions, but once beyond our planet's boundaries, the mission unfolded without inhibitions.

A distinctive white house, aging gracefully over two stories, set the scene. Judging by the cars and the overall ambiance, it appeared we had slipped back to the late '80s or early '90s.

My attention fixated on the mission's core: observing a house harboring a child, possibly Indugutk. A little girl, no older than three, with brown hair and a vibrant red pajama dress, emerged under the watchful eyes of two taller greys. The situation escalated when one of them ran a finger over the child's body, evoking a visceral reaction in me. My colleague intervened, restraining my impulse to intervene immediately.

The camouflage technology responded to our intent, a

delicate balance that demanded emotional control to ensure the rescue operation's success. Despite our training, personal issues sometimes jeopardized our focus. An unwritten rule among us emphasized mutual support, especially when the safety of innocent children hung in the balance.

The street was off-limits for an attack, and jurisdictional concerns loomed large. Our hands were tied unless invited by a governing power, compounded by the potential involvement of these greys in a trafficking network.

Tracking their ship became our focus, leading to an ambush outside the planet's atmosphere. The confrontation ensued, nearly costing the greys their lives. We saved the girl, recalibrating the implant she bore to our channels. She was someone from the envoy program, targeted for experimentation by the greys. The exact identity remained shrouded, emphasizing the need for caution.

Reflecting on the mission aboard the *Excelsior*, a tall blonde man, a leader and brother-in-arms, joined me. -redacted-, as he's known, and his soul sister -redacted- had a unique connection. Concerns about the rescued girl lingered in my mind, and -redacted- assured me I would see her again. In a peculiar gesture, he formed a triangle with three fingers against my forehead, triggering the mind fog, part of the transition process for my next envoy deployment. I resisted the process, emphasizing the importance of remembering these children, particularly the little girl. His enigmatic response echoed, "just remember the moose," before a playful wink.

Journal Entry - Somewhere before 1996

Galactic Federation - Envoy Program Stasis Bay

In the prelude to 1996, within the confines of the Galactic Federation's envoy program, I found myself engulfed in conversations, more akin to briefings. My wife stood by my side, offering emotional support and assisting in sorting out the final details, preparing for her separate envoy mission. It's likely one of our children was also present, a testament to the transition period we embraced to reintegrate into intergalactic life and for me to settle any lingering matters. My attention wavered, preoccupied with thoughts of my wife and discussions about the possibility of starting a family.

Another figure, a gentleman with dark skin, almost black hair, and a uniform of a darker gray hue, played a role reminiscent of a military recruiter. His presence aimed to address any concerns I harbored about the impending envoy assignment.

Key points surfaced in the discussion:

- The body I would inhabit boasted a predisposition to what humans dubbed "psychic abilities" due to a dominant bloodline.
- These abilities would activate in response to trauma initially and later manifest seemingly at random.
- My mission objectives included understanding how societies succumbed to abusive rule and serving as a "warrior" without formal enlistment.
- The timing aligned well with our desire to have children, coinciding with Earth's first steps toward becoming an

interplanetary society.

- Interplanetary relationships were encouraged among humanoid civilizations to foster diplomatic cooperation and enhance the survival prospects of future generations.
- Earth's initial stages as an interplanetary society were predicted, with the first public appearance of the most human-looking extraterrestrials projected by 2025.
- My new body would be closely monitored by the Galactic Federation of Worlds (GFW) and likely the Greys, especially those associated with the Ciakharr.

Family history intertwined with extraterrestrial encounters:

- Reports from my Earth body's paternal side suggested possible abductions by Greys, likely for hybridization.
- UFO sightings on my maternal side hinted at connections to nearby military bases.

The culmination of contracts being "signed" marked a poignant moment for goodbyes. Accompanied by my daughter and the man, I was led to a metallic white stasis pod. Displays adorned its sides to monitor my vitals, and a glass opening provided a glimpse inside. As my body connected to the machine, a breathing apparatus secured to my face, consciousness ebbed away with the infusion of a cool blue liquid. I caught sight of my daughter's tears, felt the ache in her heart, and as I succumbed to unconsciousness, my final words, "I love you," reverberated against the glass, sealing the journey into the unknown.

Ages 0 - 6

Journal Entry - Birth and Early Memories

As I delved into the recesses of my ancestral memories, a curious process unfolded. It felt akin to a "download," a term I use with a hint of uncertainty. The more recent memories, glimpses of my parents' and grandparents' shared moments, were discernible through aging family photos. Conversations about estranged family members unveiled possible histories of abuse, creating a patchwork narrative. Older memories, shrouded in speculation, hinted at disturbing episodes—a potential child sacrifice, encounters with German soldiers, and the specter of Grey experimentation. The download ceased with a brilliant flash, signifying what I could only interpret as my "birth." Brief fragments emerged, fleeting images of a delivery room with pale blue tiles and blinding light.

On January 19, 1996, at around 5:30 pm Mountain Time, I made my entrance into the world through an emergency C-section, necessitated by postpartum hemorrhaging. As my

mother's first child, I weighed a robust 12lbs 4oz, already demonstrating a capacity to hold my head up. Despite a bout of mild pneumonia, my health was resilient, marking the beginning of my earthly journey.

Journal Entry - November, 1997 (Estimated)

Earth - United States - Idaho

My first "psychic" episode

Fragmented recollections coalesce around a story recounted by my aunts, my father's sisters. In the realm of shared custody arrangements between my unmarried parents, a peculiar incident unfolded. While with my father and stepmother, I approached her, placing my hand over her stomach and declaring, "My baby sister is in here." The subsequent day, my stepmother, feeling unwell, underwent a pregnancy test, confirming her positive status. My sister, redacted, was born on June 20, 1998. This episode became a benchmark for "testing" my psychic abilities through what I whimsically termed a psychic ultrasound. I share my existence with 7 sisters (6 from the same dad) and 2 brothers (both from the same dad), making me the oldest among my half-siblings. The family dynamic extends even further with half-siblings of my half-siblings, step-siblings, and more, ballooning our collective number to almost 50.

A noteworthy detail is my unique history steeped in the supernatural among my siblings. While they have encountered potential spirits, none have disclosed experiences with potential extraterrestrial encounters.

Journal Entry - June, 1998

The arrival of my half-sister, redacted, on Father's Day infused my father with elation. Regrettably, my maternal grandparents had custody of me during this momentous occasion. This absence provoked my father's frustration, leading to a regrettable incident. He resorted to beating my stepmother while she was in the hospital, resulting in their banishment from the medical facility, casting a somber shadow over the joyous birth.

November, 1999

As I sit down to reflect on an incident etched in my memory, I find myself transported back to a tumultuous time in my childhood. At the tender age of three, my life was entangled in the complex web of custody disputes between my mother and father, with my stepmother adding a layer of chaos that would forever leave its mark.

In the courtroom records of that era, the Earth bore witness to an unsettling event in the United States, specifically

Idaho. It was within the confines of my father's home that a family drama unfolded, reaching a crescendo when my stepmother attempted to resolve custody conflicts in a most shocking manner—stabbing me in the back of the neck with a ballpoint pen.

The backdrop to this unsettling incident was a custody battle fueled by possessiveness on my father's part and baseless accusations of abuse hurled at my mother. Amidst the chaos, custody was shared, and one fateful night at my father's place, a chilling event unfolded.

In the living room with my younger sister, we were engrossed in a TV show when my stepmother abruptly seized my sister, ostensibly to prepare her for bed. It was then that I felt an excruciating pain in the back of my neck, triggering a surreal experience that would stay with me forever.

In that moment, a vision enveloped me—a dark void illuminated by an otherworldly orange-red light. Ancient Egyptian-like walls surrounded me, and a towering, menacing being materialized. His reptilian eyes and rough exterior painted a picture of malevolence.

This colossal figure spoke, his deep, raspy "voice" resonating without moving his lips. He condemned the corruption of the world, singling out my father and stepmother as perpetrators of harm. Shockingly, he offered to help me fight back, even suggesting the possibility of violence. Temptation loomed, but another voice, more humane and caring, intervened with urgency, advising me to resist.

In a courageous act, I seized a winged crown from the being and confronted him, leading to a blinding flash and

a surreal glimpse of ethereal wings. Suddenly, I found myself back in the locked bedroom, the voice reassuring me of constant vigilance.

The subsequent events unfolded in a blur—police officers escorting me outside, my attempts to explain the circumstances, and the skepticism that met my words. It was my grandmother who, with keen observation, pointed out the pen mark on the back of my neck.

Mandated therapy ensued, culminating in a revelation of self-defense as my stepmother confessed to provoking me with a butcher knife. The therapist's distress, as documented in the social services file, was punctuated by the ominous words: IT'S THEM.

As I pen down these recollections, I can't help but marvel at the resilience that surfaced in the face of adversity. The whispered promise that "we are always watching over you" remains etched in my soul, a testament to the strength that emerged during a tumultuous chapter in my childhood.

Unearthly Dreams (2000-2003)

During these years, my nights were often filled with peculiar dreams that transported me aboard spacecraft. In these surreal journeys, I'd witness UFOs in the night sky and engage in conversations with beings donning strange uniforms of varied colors. The entities I encountered were a mix of humanoid figures and others with mantis or Egaroth-like appearances, creating a tapestry of otherworldly encounters.

The Arrival of a Prediction (August 2000)

In the summer of 2000, at the tender age of five, I found myself predicting the impending arrival of a new sibling as my mother began to exhibit signs of pregnancy. True to my foresight, she married my stepfather, whose identity remains concealed. My intuition foresaw the birth of my younger sister, whose identity is also redacted. However, the marriage between my mother and stepfather proved short-lived, concluding in divorce by September 10, 2001—a mere three months after the union.

A Divorce on the Eve of History (September 10th, 2001)

September 10, 2001, stands out as a pivotal moment in the timeline of my life. Designating it as a "reference event" in hindsight, I acknowledge my lack of record-keeping skills during this period, leading to obscured details. The day before the tragic 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center, my mother's divorce from my stepfather was finalized. We found ourselves living with my grandparents after being ejected by my stepfather, oblivious to the fact that my mother was carrying his unborn daughter at the time.

The Arrival of a New Family Member (March 12, 2002)

On March 12, 2002, the narrative took a turn with the birth of my sister, whose identity remains redacted. This event marked the beginning of a new chapter, bringing both joy and complexity to our family dynamics.

A Night of Cosmic Abduction (Summer to Early Fall 2002)

During the summer or perhaps early fall of 2002, a peculiar and disconcerting event unfolded. As night fell in Jerome, Idaho, I retired to bed at my mother's house. The exact dates elude me, but the vividness of the experience remains beyond doubt.

In the darkness, I awoke to find myself surrounded by tall gray beings, identified as Maytra and X5. Panic set in as one of them hoisted me over its shoulder, transporting me out of the room. To my astonishment, two more grays monitored my mother, seemingly trapped in a sleepwalking state. Attempts to call out to her proved futile, the sound unable to escape my lips.

Led outside, a bright light illuminated the craft I was taken aboard, appearing silver, though likely a cloaking measure. The journey saw us ascending into the air, my house shrinking below. A force rendered me a mindless puppet, subjected to undressing and placement on a table with ominous instruments prepared for use. However, the ship faced

an unexpected ambush by a trio in protective suits, causing chaos among the grays.

In the ensuing commotion, I was swiftly recovered and transported to the rescuers' ship. A tall blonde woman, reminiscent of Sailor Moon, provided solace throughout. Her soothing voice reassured me, and despite our first meeting, trust flowed effortlessly.

Inside the metallic ship with a bluish hue, I found myself seated in a peculiar chair forming a triangle with two others. The view beyond the front window unveiled Earth, captivating me instantly. A blonde, muscular man in a darkish blue uniform, seemingly in charge, engaged me in conversation.

Curiosity led me to inquire about their identities. The woman, with sparkling blue eyes, introduced herself as Olivia, emphasizing our enduring friendship. To my surprise, they revealed that none of us were from Earth. I, too, was part of a project aimed at protecting humanity from monstrous entities.

A joyride through space ensued, offering glimpses of the moon, Mars, and Jupiter. As hours passed, the decision was made to return me home. The prospect of forgetting this extraordinary encounter upset me, but Olivia reassured me that, when older, I would remember and play a crucial role in their mission.

As we approached my grandparents' house, a field served as the backdrop for a mind-wiping gesture by the man. With three fingers on my forehead, he clouded my memory, ensuring my safe arrival in my grandparent's bedroom through a closed window.

The next morning, awakening in unfamiliar surroundings, my grandparents were oblivious to my presence. A puzzled call from my mother, miles away, searching for me intensified the mystery. The woman's reassurance lingered, "we are always watching over you," as the seeds of an extraordinary destiny took root.

NUFORC Incident Report (August 19, 2002)

On August 19, 2002, an incident outside Twin Falls, Idaho, added a layer of intrigue to my cosmic experiences. A newlywed couple on a road trip reported a UFO sighting. Signs indicating their proximity to Twin Falls led to confusion, and their encounter with a rotating light-filled object raised questions about missing time.

The UFO's mysterious flight pattern left an indelible mark on their journey, underscoring the enigmatic nature of cosmic events intertwining with terrestrial experiences. The unexplained aspects of their encounter mirrored the uncertainties embedded in my own cosmic odyssey. Was it the same craft, maybe. Here is the original report:

"UFO outside Twin Falls- 2002 500 Lights On Object: Yes

In August of 2002, my husband and I were on the first leg of our roadtrip honeymoon. We left Seattle in the morning, and around 11 p.m. we decided to look for a motel in Twin Falls, ID.

We saw road signs indicating that Twin Falls was within a few miles, so we began looking for the exit. And we looked.

And we looked. And we realized we had driven way too far, and must have missed it somehow, so we turned around and headed back the way we'd come. Ahead of us, we saw something that at first appeared to be an airplane in the distance, but its flight pattern and speed seemed off. The light came close enough for us to see the underside of the object, and we both knew instantly that it was a UFO. The lights on the underside were rotating.

The object never got close enough for us to determine its shape. We parked on the side of the road and watched as the object moved across the sky and disappeared behind some mountains. Then we got in the car and continued to drive towards Twin Falls. It turns out we had indeed missed Twin Falls, and we had also somehow failed to see 2 exit signs.

We weren't paying close enough attention to the time, so I'm not sure if we were missing time, but we could never figure out how 2 people who were looking could fail to see 2 exit signs."

Original NUFORC Report: <https://nuforc.org/sighting/?id=89908>

Ages 7 - 13

Medical Mysteries and Boise Confusion

Amidst the complexities of my childhood, medical mysteries often lurked in the shadows. During a visit to a parent facility in Boise, doctors questioned procedures done at the Twin Falls hospital, notorious for covering up lawsuits and diverting legal matters to the parent facility. The haze surrounding these medical decisions became apparent later in life, leaving me with lingering uncertainties.

Paranormal Awakening - Spring 2005

Spring of 2005 marked a significant chapter in my life, bringing forth my first major paranormal encounter during a school field trip to the Old Idaho State Penitentiary in Boise. In the third grade, I became a witness to the spirit of Raymond Snowden, infamous as Idaho's "Jack the Ripper." This

encounter triggered a psychic episode, later detailed in various books, including my own "A Giant's Curse" and "Lover's Cry" from "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds" series. The subsequent disbelieving reactions fueled my curiosity, leading to a deeper exploration of supernatural phenomena.

Family Dynamics Unveiled (Several Occasions, 2005-2006)

In the years spanning 2005 to 2006, my father's attempts to reconnect unfolded against the backdrop of his deployment to Iraq. Despite a momentary sense of pride in his enlistment after the September 11 attacks, our relationship remained complex. Conversations transpired online, often in the early morning, as my stepsister -redacted- also engaged in virtual communication.

Amidst the family dynamics, my stepmother's continued references to the past knife incident weighed heavily. Despite my attempts to avoid her, my father's return from deployment brought the birth of my fully grown sister, Monica. Subsequent sibling births followed, overshadowed by a hidden darkness that made me uneasy around my father and stepmother.

As my abilities started surfacing, a sense of danger pervaded my interactions with them. The birth of my brothers -redacted- coincided with my stepmother's alleged miscarriage and the revelation of her substance use. Witnessing the abuse focused on my stepsister -redacted- heightened my discomfort,

leading me to distance myself unless witnesses were present. Despite my pleas for caution, my concerns went unheard, and my stepmother's ominous warnings to my younger siblings about the "family secret" remained unheeded. The intricacies of family life unfolded, leaving me grappling with a sense of foreboding.

Mystical Moments of December 2005

December 2005 - Murtaugh, Idaho

Participating in the school Christmas program was never my favorite, but this year held an unusual occurrence. Grandma managed to capture photos of orbs with faces during the event. A friend's shadow behaved oddly, pointing in a different direction, and one orb even appeared to have boots. Although I wasn't enthusiastic about school programs, these paranormal sightings caught my attention. I only wish the photos could have been preserved.

Turmoil in the Summer of 2006

Summer 2006 - Idaho

A brief journal entry notes the discharge of my father from service, possibly dishonorable. During this time, abuse on -redacted- worsened. My decision to stay away stemmed from an indication that no more children would emerge, although

later revelations unveiled more miscarriages. The signs of dark activities involving multiple parties were evident, but my naive mindset struggled to comprehend the depth of it all.

Thanksgiving Turned Nightmare - November 23rd, 2006

Thanksgiving, November 23rd, 2006 - Murtaugh to Twin Falls to Boise

Thanksgiving took a nightmarish turn when my gall bladder failed. Staying with my grandparents while my mom worked, I was unable to enjoy the festivities due to a severe illness. Rushed to the hospital, I went into renal failure, prompting a transfer to the parent facility in Boise. Flashes of a stereotypical "Heaven" and interactions with deceased relatives ensued during the ambulance ride. The diagnosis revealed a shutdown gallbladder infecting my system, requiring a month-long hospital stay.

Healing and Otherworldly Visitors

Hospital Stay - Boise, January 19th, 2007

Surgery to remove my gallbladder, initially scheduled for my eleventh birthday, involved complications. During recovery, brief dreams revealed glimpses of the Excelsior, where I appeared older with long hair. A woman informed me that

others would watch over my Terran body while it recovered. Blood samples mysteriously disappeared, and complications during surgery, including excess swelling, added to the challenges. The altered surgery date likely averted serious trouble. In the recovery phase, flashes of the stasis pod bay intertwined with my consciousness, creating a unique and perplexing experience.

Dark Depths and Divine Intervention - Fall, 2008

Fall, 2008 - Murtaugh, Idaho

Fights at school and home plunged my mind into dark places, where suicide emerged as a haunting option. Amidst the turmoil, I moved in with my maternal grandparents, finding myself in the small town of Murtaugh. My naive belief in the friendships formed with a group I dubbed "Mormon cultists" shattered when exclusion followed the revelation of non-membership in the local church. The constant conflict fueled thoughts of ending my own life.

One warm fall night, I decided it was time to execute my plan. In my bedroom, a large closet with sturdy railings seemed like the perfect location. The method involved hanging myself from the railing using an old belt. The closet's height presented a challenge, but a strategically placed chair and careful planning aimed to overcome it. The intention was to make it seem like a rough night's sleep, masking any noise.

As I prepared to kick the chair back and cut off blood

flow, an unexpected intervention occurred. A bright blue light emerged, overriding my senses and making my surroundings vanish. Frozen in my final moments, a man with long brown hair and a white robe appeared. His presence exuded calm and concern. He spoke without judgment, redirecting my attention to someone I should meet.

The man stepped aside, revealing a young girl, around five or six years old, with striking resemblance to my sisters. Tears filled her ocean-blue eyes as she pleaded, "Daddy, please don't do it." The vision vanished, leaving me back in the closet, shaken. The image lingered, leading to the naming of the girl as "Olivia Hope" in later attempts to make contact and understand the profound intervention.

Reaching Across Time - Seeking Olivia

In my relentless quest to connect with the mysterious girl who intervened in my darkest hour, I delved into online forums and radio podcasts, hoping to uncover methods that aligned with my latent psychic abilities. The desire to assure that Olivia, the girl who called me "Daddy," knew I was well motivated my exploration.

Among various techniques, automatic writing stood out—a form of spiritual channeling allowing a spirit to guide the hands of the channeler to convey messages in writing. With the intention of reaching my enigmatic daughter, I embarked on a series of experiments. Each session brought

a semblance of success, confirming her identity and eliciting responses to my carefully framed questions.

The questions aimed to unveil facets of Olivia's personality and offer glimpses into the future:

- Seeking confirmation as the one referred to as "Daddy."
- Inquiring about her arrival, hinting at potential time travel.
- Unveiling her name, Olivia.
- Exploring her favorite color, which she revealed as "Green."
- Probing the existence of siblings, confirming a brother named Michael.

As I sought more details, attempting to unravel the mystery of Olivia's mother, challenges arose. The connection would falter, replaced by what seemed like radio interference, or Olivia would express limitations in divulging certain information at the moment.

Yet, with determination and the understanding that this encounter marked only the beginning, I persisted in my pursuit of connection across time.

Ages 14 - 22

Fall, 2010:

Looking back to the fall of 2010, I recall the unexpected turn my life took when I met her. Her name, now hidden in the folds of memory, entered my world through the complex web of teenage relationships. A friend of a friend, she was entangled in a toxic dynamic with someone who treated her poorly, and that's what brought her into my orbit.

My initial intention was simply to be a friend, a supportive figure in the backdrop of her struggles. Little did I know, I would find myself unwittingly set up by another friend, enticed by the simplicity of offering to buy her a slushee from the school cafeteria. In hindsight, it was a foolish move on both our parts – her for accepting, and me for agreeing.

Her life was a tapestry woven with threads of difficulty – a strained relationship with her mother, unresolved issues with a brother, and a handful of other concerning behaviors that I, despite my best efforts, couldn't alleviate. At that time, I

was still very young, barely stepping into adolescence, and I should not have felt compelled to tie myself to someone out of pity. Yet, despite the challenges that unfolded, I find myself grateful for her presence in my life.

The so-called "relationship" lasted a mere two and a half months, dismantled by insecurities on both our sides and a realization that neither of us was prepared for such a connection. Looking back, I can only admit that what I felt for her was more pity than anything else. It might sound harsh, but who can claim to fully understand the complexities of their emotions at that tender age?

Simultaneously, my journey into self-discovery and the development of my skills unfolded. I dedicated more time to researching and persuading my mother to invest in ghost hunting equipment – a negotiation sealed with promises of babysitting. Yes, I was the type of kid easily swayed by bribes, a trait that would later evolve into my unconventional business model, born out of the necessity to secure funding for my pursuits.

Late Fall, 2010:

As the crisp air of late fall settled in, my journey into the realm of paranormal investigations took an unexpected turn. Barely navigating high school, I found myself enthralled by the mysteries of paranormal activity. However, my aspirations faced a significant obstacle – a lack of funds. The occasional babysitting payments from my family provided a meager

financial lifeline, often just enough to alleviate the frustration of constantly watching over my younger relatives.

The pursuit of paranormal investigation proved to be an expensive hobby, compelling me to bide my time for holiday and birthday gifts when babysitting income wasn't as fruitful. Undeterred, I turned to social media to connect with fellow enthusiasts, seeking insights and ideas on how to assemble my own investigative team. Inspiration also flowed from the various paranormal shows on television, where I gleaned tech and method ideas, subsequently refining them through experimentation.

Manipulating the assumption that my age was nearly double what it actually was, I navigated skepticism with ease. A local radio DJ inadvertently exposed my youth, but the commendation for what I had independently built overshadowed any concerns about my age.

This pursuit held a comforting significance, driven in part by the turbulent events surrounding my family. During this period, my father faced imprisonment for assaulting my sister [redacted]. While I was shielded from the investigation due to my proximity to those involved, the unsettling reality persisted as my siblings from him were placed in foster care. A particularly tender note was my youngest sister [redacted], a six-month-old whom I had yet to meet.

Amidst the turmoil, a shadowy figure, dubbed the [redacted], emerged, offering to handle my father on my behalf. There was a fleeting sense that he understood the turmoil within me, but my response was swift and unwavering – a firm rejection, a command to "fuck off." Little did I know

that this encounter would not mark the end of his presence in my life.

April, 2010:

Spring had draped its vibrant cloak over my freshman year, and amidst the cacophony of teenage milestones, I stumbled upon an unexpected chapter in my life – my high school sweetheart. The setting was Touchstones, a class designed to guide us through the labyrinth of milestones in our teenage and young adult lives. In that room, a shy red-headed girl named [redacted], whom I later referred to as Shandra in my *The Ones Who Walk All Worlds* series, caught my eye.

With a yearning to ignite a connection, I tried to orchestrate convenient encounters, but fate intervened when the teacher assigned us both to the same group for a skit. The scenario, ripped from a "teen self-help" book, involved navigating the aftermath of a traffic incident. Amidst the chatter of classmates, I made an effort to break through [redacted]'s shyness, a flame that would spark a story you can find in the first entries of *The Ones Who Walk All Worlds*.

Little did I know that she would become my first "patient," a term laden with complexity that would unfold through an altercation fueled by a love triangle. The details of that story, however, warrant exploration at a later time.

Fast forward to April 23rd, 2011, a date etched in my memory. It marked the inaugural investigation as the Paranormal Raider Force in the Highway Department Building.

A plan to explore strange noises evolved into encounters with faces, screams, footsteps, and motion sensors ablaze. A side case involving a toddler near train tracks wielding a chainsaw, manifesting as a green orb with feet in photos, added an eerie layer to the night, cut short by approaching coyotes and the lure of a nearby bar.

Armed with equipment, generously offered by my grandfather, I embarked on an orchestrated investigation at a location [redacted], believed to harbor spirits of former employees and the old foreman. Smoke, rattling doors, footsteps, and disembodied voices fueled the haunting tales. One spirit, my grandfather's old boss, connected through the echoes of lung cancer, a fate shared with his wife, both avid smokers.

Navigating the curfew laws for under-16s in Idaho, I enlisted my grandmother's company. Initially wary of her inclination to control situations, I saw the practicality in having her support.

The investigation yielded intriguing results, documented in a YouTube video to boost our burgeoning business. Faces and audio recordings emerged on camera, complemented by off-camera experiences – a woman's screams, footsteps in gravel, and voices in radio sessions. The radio experiment, aimed at replicating Ghost Box results, found success in this unique location, solidifying [redacted] as a legitimately haunted site. The journey into the paranormal unfolded, intertwined with the complexities of teenage love and the mysteries beyond.

Spring, 2011:

As the vibrant hues of spring adorned the landscape, my freshman year in high school unfolded with unexpected twists and turns. One particular incident during spring break left an indelible mark on my memory. I found myself at the center of a car accident during my driver's ed class, a scenario that played out like a surreal scene from a video game. The collision, a result of an old lady attempting to navigate six lanes of traffic, rendered me unconscious, my senses thrown into an astral projection as the car crumpled on impact.

Fast forward to May 2011, a month etched with both mystery and concern. Through a friend in gym class, I discovered that [redacted], a figure from my past, had vanished. She left a note for her mother, stating her intention to live [redacted]. Despite the fallout from our previous interactions, the school resource officer sought my insights, knowing our shared history. Though she distanced herself from me after our falling out, a lingering sense of care propelled me to consider her safety.

Upon learning of her disappearance, I embarked on a journey to uncover the truth. My great-grandmother's advice, a trick used by psychics to visualize an antenna emerging from their heads, guided my meditation. I needed more, and mutual friends became the bait in my attempt to gather information about [redacted]'s whereabouts. Playing on their teenage ignorance, I portrayed myself as someone assisting the police, leveraging their assumption that my ghost hunts had official connections.

As I delved deeper into the investigation, I uncovered the

location, a rough description of the building, and disturbing details hinting at a possible involvement in the sex trade. With calculated moves, I disseminated this information to the necessary parties, creating a web of panic among those involved. Week two saw me strategically revealing that I knew [redacted]'s location and hinted at a potential sex trafficking operation, leading to her eventual return home.

Post-rescue, my glimpses of [redacted] were sporadic, marked by the distinctive panda beanie she always wore. While I had my own demons to confront, a part of me continued to care about her well-being. A missing poster at a local store revealed a tattoo on her shoulder with my name over a bear claw, a detail that left me pondering its significance.

Fast forward to July 2019, and [redacted] reached out, expressing a desire to meet. The unusual request prompted a meeting where she thanked me for attempting to find her. The tattoo, she explained, heated up when she felt my proximity, serving as a unique signal of my potential arrival. Her call home was a precaution, knowing I would be the only one not requiring a hospital if I indeed came to her rescue. The intricacies of the human experience continued to weave a complex tapestry, connecting us in unexpected ways.

July 2-4, 2011:

Amidst the vast expanse of Sawtooth National Forest, near Diamondfield Jack, I embarked on my first Sasquatch investigation. These dates unfolded against the backdrop of

my grandfather's ongoing battle with cancer, prompting the family to opt for camping over our usual trek to Wyoming for Fourth of July festivities. The chosen location held personal significance, as it was where I had previously spotted a potential Sasquatch years earlier.

Armed with a tip about Sasquatch dietary preferences, gleaned from a news video showcasing a retired forensics analyst using chocolate to lure the elusive creatures, I set out to gather evidence. In the darkness, a small ape-like creature approached, only to bolt away upon realizing my awareness. Though I lacked a trail camera, I seized the opportunity to create a footprint casting during the second night. The subsequent morning revealed a successful extraction, indicating a possible specimen with a foot size comparable to a man's size 22 shoe.

Years later, the casting was unfortunately destroyed during a move, but photo comparisons showcased its authenticity. Collaborating with a University of Idaho professor who specialized in Bigfoot studies, the striking resemblance lent credibility to my findings. Signs of a larger animal stalking the campsite persisted throughout, adding an air of mystery to the investigation.

Conveniently, a radio interview with a renowned Bigfoot hunter on "Second Sight" provided additional insights. Armed with newfound knowledge, I later secured a guest appearance on the hunter's own show, "Monster Theater," sharing my Sasquatch encounter.

August 13, 2011:

Troubling news reached me from my grandfather's workplace, where he and my uncle experienced a potentially paranormal attack. A shelf ripped from the wall and hurled towards them hinted at a spirit's aggression. Angered by the attack on a man battling cancer, I undertook an investigation with the sole purpose of confronting and deterring the spirits. Threats of driving them out were issued, resulting in minimal activity, possibly due to my serious demeanor.

Feeling watched throughout the night, I pondered whether the spirits desired solitude. Employing a motion sensor as a trigger, I negotiated terms – no more attacks, no more visits from me. If any further appearances occurred, they were to be considered as me passing through. Subsequent reports until August 22, 2017, indicated no paranormal activity, leading to the classification of the location as no longer haunted.

October 31, 2011:

Venturing past Sun Valley for a hike with family, I explored the area near abandoned mine shafts, drawn by the allure of wildlife and high quartz concentrations believed to act as a spiritual battery. The mine shafts evoked an eerie sensation, as if someone inside was observing us, reinforced by unsettling photos captured during the exploration.

Journal Entry - December 4, 2011:

Today marked the most heart-wrenching moment of my life in the early years of my paranormal investigations. It was the day I lost my grandfather, the one family member who had been the most supportive of my pursuits. He played a paternal role not just for me but for my sister and cousins on my maternal side. As the oldest, my connection with him ran deepest. His demise hit all of us, but it weighed heaviest on me, a sentiment my seemingly stoic demeanor failed to convey, causing concern among the rest of the family.

Grandpa was never one for grand gestures, a trait my grandma and I understood well. While others deliberated over family affairs, we simply wanted to move forward. My mother, on the other hand, tried to elicit tears from me, accusing me of inhumanity. Her attempts to extract emotion only fueled my urge to lash out, a bottled rage that I struggled to contain. Despite the strained relationship, I couldn't deny the impact of losing someone who, in my 20s, I still wished were here to guide me through life's intricacies.

As we gathered for his service, memories of my grandfather's life played on large monitors, a poignant display that triggered reflections on the person I aspired to become. The echoes of his voice in my head left me yearning for guidance on crucial life moments and decisions. My journal now serves as an outlet for my musings and a testament to the enduring impact of his influence.

Late December, 2012:

Still gripped by grief over my grandfather's death, my emotions ran high during a confrontation with -redacted-. Witnessing him strike a young lady propelled me into a heated exchange with him. My promise to protect girls from his aggression led to his eventual relocation. While I faced disciplinary measures, the incident also marked the beginning of the end for our "team."

January 7, 2012:

Rumors of a spirit haunting a local elementary school prompted an investigation. Despite initial delays, the principal's trust allowed access to the premises. Accompanied by -redacted-, my mother's keys in tow, I explored the century-old building. Disproving claims of paranormal activity, I encountered only mundane explanations for reported phenomena.

January 27, 2012:

My grandfather's funeral inadvertently led to another case. My grandmother's high school friend sought assistance for a haunted home plagued by shadow people and unsettling occurrences. Learning of violent deaths tied to the location, including a decapitated woman, intensified my interest. The investigation proved chilling, with glowing ditches, barely audible voices, cold spots, and phantom touches, elevating it

to one of the scariest cases I'd faced. Evidence review and an eerie EVP recording took the case to new heights, revealing the eerie depths of the supernatural.

June 23, 2012:

Today marked the beginning of a new venture - my own radio show. I stumbled upon a website hosting free audio broadcasts, sparking the idea to create "Journals of Supernatural Adventure." The concept revolved around discussing theories and ideas on various phenomena. The show gained traction, and old recordings still linger on my YouTube pages, chronicling the episodes I recorded.

July 6, 2012:

Excitement and nervousness mingled as I aired the first episode of "Journals of Supernatural Adventure," sharing my insights and theories with a growing audience.

Fall, 2012:

Twin Falls High School, a place that failed to align with my aspirations, pushed me to seek alternatives. Frustrated by courses being removed, I made a pivotal decision to enroll in

Idaho Virtual Academy. Little did I know, this choice would set the stage for future endeavors.

October 10, 2012:

The initial phase of a documentary project, aiming to explain supernatural phenomena, faced challenges and was eventually scrapped due to resource constraints. I pivoted to rework the content into a book.

October 27, 2012:

A live emergency broadcast for a -redacted- case unfolded on "Journals of Supernatural Adventure." The audience was asked for protection prayers for a family in turmoil, revealing the source of the disturbance to be a disgruntled deceased mother-in-law. -redacted- filed for divorce after my intervention.

January 13 to February 16, 2013:

Launching marketing videos for "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds" garnered positive responses, setting the stage for a promising venture.

April 13, 2013:

A potential UFO encounter unfolded above Murtaugh, with a silver craft moving swiftly toward Nevada. Details were elusive due to the distance.

May to July, 2013:

My grandma's boyfriend's attempt to start a catering truck business in Murtaugh, catering to school kids and bar-goers, proved short-lived.

September 23, 2013:

A UFO fireball investigation ensued after a green ball of light caused property damage in Murtaugh. Reports of an explosion and damage led me to investigate, encountering a possible sighting of Men in Black.

Fall, 2014:

Finalizing "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds" marked a significant milestone in my journey.

May, 2014:

Graduating high school online felt uneventful, prompting me to skip the graduation ceremony. A new job opportunity awaited.

May to August, 2014:

Joining a local call center as a level 1 technical support rep proved short-lived. My anxieties got the best of me, leading to my dismissal.

October, 2014:

A car accident in Filer, Idaho, after helping my mother move, left me shaken. My grandmother's car, a 2002 Chrysler 300, acted up and collided with a pickup truck.

November 14, 2014:

A tragic murder-suicide involving -redacted- unfolded, with -redacted- shooting -redacted- to escape sexual assault. The attacker later took his own life, leaving three dead. My mother shared this heartbreaking news with me, prompting me to assist in raising funds and offering support to the grieving family. -redacted- thanked me and revealed her past crush on me from school.

MAY 12, 2017:

Today took an unexpected turn. The scumbag I've been monitoring vandalized my tires while I was at work. A call from my mother alerted me, and I saw the damage firsthand. A familiar face, my old friend's boyfriend, was watching from a truck identical to the suspect's. Motives likely stem from my friend's messy personal life. I'll pester my workplace for surveillance tapes to confirm my suspicions and build a case against this idiot.

MAY 17, 2017:

Mother's Day brought another round of slashed tires, confirming it as a targeted attack. I spotted possible suspects and shared intel with the police. The tire department had similar incidents. My sister's school is organizing a summer trip, and I might chaperone. Plans are in motion to uncover the vandals' identity and motives.

MAY 18, 2017:

Surveillance photos revealed the tire slasher, a male punk in his 40s. Apologized to my friend for my approach. The suspect appeared, offering an opportunity to dig for a name. The situation is evolving, and I'm actively pursuing leads.

MAY 21, 2017:

No sign of the tire slasher, but a male in his 20s was hospitalized with stab wounds. A potential confrontation among suspects? A new woman caught my attention; an artist and writer. Hoping something develops from this connection.

MAY 24, 2017:

Surveillance at work failed to spot the suspect. News spread about me looking into a gun, pointing more fingers at him. Managerial staff showed a photo to my uncle, but deception may be at play. Considering a -redacted- pistol for self-defense.

MAY 27, 2017:

Suspects attempted a robbery at my workplace. Improved camera resolution revealed clearer facial images. Notified the city for further action.

MAY 31, 2017:

Enrolled in an online course to study ways to combat

extremism. Acquired books on deadly combat skills for self-defense. The tire incidents exposed my vulnerability, prompting a need for enhanced skills. City released surveillance images on social media, and a potential lead emerged. Forwarded findings to the authorities.

JUNE 1, 2017:

Big update today. The suspect behind my tire incidents is not the person I initially thought. The real culprit is a 38-year-old with a criminal record on probation. My work friend is involved with him, linked to a burglary ring under investigation. Shared the intel with the city jurisdiction, anticipating potential retaliation from the 20+ suspects involved. The situation is intense, and I'll keep documenting as it unfolds.

JUNE 6, 2017:

Facing workplace drama. My friend connected to the tire slasher accuses me of bullying and threatens to escalate to the regional manager. I've filed an incident report preemptively. It's disheartening, but I won't let him win. My focus is on uncovering the truth about the culprits and ensuring justice prevails.

JUNE 13, 2017:

Engaging with new people, exploring potential connections. A woman named -redacted- catches my interest. She shares similar interests and life views. Also, delving into on-line courses in psychology, forensic science, and security to enhance my knowledge.

JUNE 29, 2017:

Family safety compromised due to -redacted-'s inappropriate actions. Plans for a return trip to France and Italy disrupted. New leads and a potential connection with another woman on the horizon. Monitoring the evolving situation closely.

JULY 11, 2017:

Significant developments. Engaged in a film project, adding another to my portfolio. Celebrated -redacted-'s work to uplift his spirits after losing his wife. Opportunities for paranormal exploration and filming a Halloween episode on the horizon.

JULY 24, 2017:

Celebrated -redacted-'s party without issues. Explored a

chance to meet influencers in paranormal phenomena. Exciting prospects ahead if selected.

AUGUST 8, 2017:

Client meeting with unusual circumstances, revealing signs of extreme mental illness. Handled a sensitive situation professionally. Reflecting on the unpredictable nature of my work.

AUGUST 18, 2017:

Intervened in a potential domestic abuse situation, preventing physical harm. Emphasizing the importance of de-escalation and walking away from violent confrontations.

AUGUST 22, 2017:

Received reports of child enticement near bus stops. Monitoring and triangulating information to identify suspects. Concerned about the safety of children in the area.

AUGUST 24, 2017:

Intervened in a suicide attempt, emphasizing the need for

mental health support. The individual released from the hospital with a card for local mental health services. Reflecting on the vulnerability of mental health.

AUGUST 26, 2017:

Memories of past activities resurface, marking a year of increased involvement. Reflecting on personal growth and ongoing commitments.

AUGUST 28, 2017:

Supervisor's recurring drunken incidents revealed. Minimal focus on her life. Keeping an eye on the situation for any extreme developments.

AUGUST 29, 2017:

Foiled a robbery attempt at a Pizza Hut. Reacted with preparedness, advising the young suspect to walk away. Alerted contacts for potential future incidents.

SEPTEMBER 3, 2017:

Completed -redacted- and added the certificate to my

resume. Preparing for the next trip to Europe and remaining vigilant. Relationship with -redacted- evolving positively despite the distance. Looking forward to shared experiences.

SEPTEMBER 4, 2017:

Received news that -redacted-'s mother is unwell. Concerns and well wishes flood my thoughts. Hoping for her mother's recovery and offering support where I can.

SEPTEMBER 23, 2017:

Reflecting on recent progress across various fields:

Film and TV: Initiating stock acquisition in -redacted- for enhanced collaborations and opportunities. Potential film project, -redacted-, in the works, but uncertain of its completion.

Music: Smooth progress on the upcoming album, -redacted-. Facing challenges in finding the right rhythm for another project.

Gaming: Considering a debut in the video game -redacted- exploring gameplay videos for audience engagement.

Marketing: Revamping website for improved functionality, including an online store and organized displays.

Books: Series, "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds," sees a re-release with additional editing for enhanced publicity.

SEPTEMBER 25, 2017:

Unusual situation in crime-fighting: -redacted- City Police involved in a theft case. Supervisor and a colleague, -redacted-, named as suspects. Monitoring the unfolding situation closely.

OCTOBER 3, 2017:

Tragic news of the deadliest shooting -redacted-. Confirming safety of contacts, but learning about a cousin's suicide attempt adds a personal struggle. Balancing emotions while navigating family complexities.

OCTOBER 6, 2017:

Awareness of cop impersonator in nearby town. Preparing for harsh winter conditions and potential threats. As incidents unfold, staying vigilant and proactive.

OCTOBER 8, 2017:

Exposed to heroin smell at work, triggering an allergic reaction. Reflecting on the experience and ensuring preparedness for future incidents.

OCTOBER 11, 2017:

Days filled with crime-fighting efforts. Losing trail of impersonator and facing a shooting incident. Reflecting on the dangers encountered in the line of duty.

OCTOBER 22, 2017:

Supervisor's unexpected absence, possibly due to rehab. Concerns about a repeating cycle of personal challenges. Initiating a blog for project updates and exploring a crossover concept for TV shows.

OCTOBER 26, 2017:

Disturbed by a vivid nightmare, prompting a visit to victims' graves. Emotional turmoil resurfaces, possibly triggered by recent events. Reflecting on fears and uncertainties.

OCTOBER 31, 2017:

Rumors of a satanic cult resurface. Investigating potential animal sacrifices and connecting incidents. Monitoring local reports and addressing petty harassment against a local Islamic Center.

In the midst of challenges, staying committed to personal and professional growth.

NOVEMBER 2, 2017:

Heard rumors of a coworker stealing merchandise at the day job, totaling \$600 each night. Cautious due to past warnings about potential lies, awaiting a chance to speak to colleagues for clarification, particularly a vocal one who could shed light on the situation. The allegations involve the individual who slashed my tires in May. An email from a contact in -redacted- sought assistance in a case related to a girl with severe autism. Suggested using art supplies to connect with her, currently on standby with the analysis of footage.

NOVEMBER 3, 2017:

Confirmed allegations about the coworker stealing and using visitation as an excuse. Addressed the issues with colleagues, emphasizing their immunity to fallout. Collaborating with contacts to monitor and expose the coworker's actions.

NOVEMBER 5, 2017:

Coworker tipped off about surveillance, confronted a new colleague. Informed police and HR about the situation, initiating actions for a substantial case. Encountered an article about alleged time traveler -redacted-, contemplating the

possibility of time travel. Proposed a time travel experiment, outlining specific instructions for a prospective traveler.

NOVEMBER 6, 2017:

Noted prompt response from HR to address the coworker issue. Unable to stay for further details on the managers' discussions.

NOVEMBER 9, 2018:

Coworker arrested, supervisor steps down. Reflecting on the successful resolution of two issues. Details of the coworker's arrest procedure and the supervisor's resignation. Acknowledging the need for change in the workplace.

NOVEMBER 11, 2017:

Consulted an old friend about the time travel investigation. Discussed potential improvements to the experiment and addressed a situation involving a supernatural entity, -redacted-. Shared experiences and advice on dealing with such entities. Prepared for potential challenges in the ongoing investigation.

NOVEMBER 12, 2017:

NASA launched a small satellite with information on myself -redacted-. Monitoring the project, -redacted-. Exploring the implications of long-term data storage in space.

NOVEMBER 14, 2017:

Completed a video for -redacted-l, anticipating an emotional response. Learned about the coworker's new job at -redacted- restaurant, cautioning against dining there. Addressed various personal and professional developments.

NOVEMBER 15, 2017:

Experienced a peculiar dream involving Chi abilities. Speculated on its meaning, considering the influence of recent connections in my life. Acknowledging the influence of -redacted- and the efforts owed to her.

NOVEMBER 16, 2017:

Fulfilled a charitable effort brought to my attention by -redacted-, benefiting her friend with color blindness. Expressing gratitude for the positive impact on their lives.

NOVEMBER 17, 2017:

Received news of two more firings at the day job due to theft in the bakery department. Reflecting on the consequences of their actions.

November 19, 2017

Feeling a bit disheartened as I document the failure of my attempt to lure out a time traveler through an experiment. No packages were left at the designated point, prompting me to reflect on a few possible reasons for this outcome.

Firstly, I'm contemplating the idea that time travel might not be feasible under normal planetary conditions. Perhaps it's more suited to the vacuum of space to avoid potential risks like the planet being caught in an artificial wormhole and facing destruction.

Secondly, delving into quantum theory, I'm considering particles that can move through time but are limited by their own existence. Quantum particles, indestructible in nature, can only "travel" back to the moment of their creation. If time travel mechanisms replicate similar conditions, it might be impossible to traverse back in time beyond their own creation, only forward.

Thirdly, acknowledging the possibility of regulated time travel to prevent issues like paradoxes. This could be achievable through time dilation caused by near light-speed travel or exposure to celestial bodies with a significant magnetic pull.

Fourthly, entertaining the idea that a time machine may

only traverse time and not space. In a hypothetical trial run, if a machine is set to travel 30 minutes and reappears west of the departure location, it suggests displacement in a phantom-like state while the Earth continues to rotate. Without a method to tether the machine to a precise point in space, or the ability to teleport to another fixed point, time travel may be rendered pointless.

In conclusion, given these circumstances, the test appears inconclusive. I'm currently unable to think of additional methods to isolate the numerous variables involved. Considering a replication of the test with a different rendezvous point to gather more insights.

November 21, 2017:

Received information about -redacted-'s struggle with depression. Sent a heartfelt letter to lift her spirits, aiming to provide support during challenging times.

November 24, 2017:

Discovered the identification of a victim related to a -redacted- case. Considering involvement in the investigation to help uncover details surrounding the case.

November 25, 2017:

Officially engaged in the investigation of a -redacted- case. Prioritizing the search for the victim's missing body and analyzing potential suspects.

November 26, 2017:

Experienced a dream involving the victim's skull and sensed a spirit trying to make contact. Discovered that one suspect is already in prison but determined to find another -redacted-.

November 28, 2017:

Engaged in scrying for information related to the -redacted- girl, yielding minimal results.

December 1, 2017:

Attended the premiere of -redacted-, receiving positive reviews. Located -redacted- but faced challenges in obtaining substantial visions related to the crime.

December 2, 2017:

Witnessed a shooting at the day job location, related to a drug sting gone wrong. Both suspects apprehended. A drug bust ended poorly.

December 5, 2017:

Learned about a tragic incident involving a 2-year-old killed in an RV fire. A family facing challenges relocated after their home was destroyed.

December 7, 2017:

Prevented another attack directed towards me. Addressing issues surrounding a burglary ring and a potential court case.

December 8, 2017:

Initiated sponsorship for a 6-year-old child, -redacted-. Donated to the family affected by the RV fire. Family loss of a dog affected a cousin.

December 9, 2017:

Uncovered a possible new subject, involving a 17-year-old female sexually assaulted by her own father.

December 10, 2017:

Received a notice on a -redacted-'s gift. Attempted to fulfill a Christmas wish for a friend in the sponsorship program.

December 11, 2017:

Retrieved Retribution Papers from the courthouse for a tire case. -redacted- Biotech investment failed.

December 12, 2017:

Commenced sponsoring another child, -redacted-. Connected with both sponsored children to get to know them better.

December 13, 2017:

Faced threats from -redacted-'s dad and decided to address the issue promptly.

December 14, 2017:

Shared the situation with -redacted- who became upset. Enrolled in counseling to confront personal issues. Serving papers to a suspect.

December 15, 2017:

Had the first counseling session. The counselor suggested writing out feelings for better processing. Reflecting on personal struggles.

December 20, 2017:

Encountered a train wreck and watched -redacted-. Experienced a psychic episode involving Grandpa.

December 23, 2017:

Received a voice recording from a psychic reading, featuring Grandpa's voice. Attempted a session and received voices urging caution.

December 24, 2017:

Multiple arrests at the day job for theft. Charges filed

against a dumbass for felony burglaries. Dealt with -redacted- paperwork.

December 26, 2017:

Celebrated a cousin's 17th birthday. Took on a new client, -redacted-. Addressed -redacted- paperwork.

December 28, 2017:

Dumbass charged with felony burglaries appeared on local news.

December 31, 2017:

-engaged- in a talk with the counselor about the situation with the idiot.

January 1, 2018:

Continued discussions with the counselor about the dumbass. -redacted- found out a friend died from complications after surgery.

January 2, 2018:

Designed the first sigil for spirit communication, delving into experimentation. Continued addressing -redacted-.

January 5, 2018:

Received word of a possible new case. Completed the superpowered sigil. Sent out a -redacted- late Christmas gift.

January 9, 2018:

Checked on one of my sisters following news of her grandpa's passing. Created a new video for -redacted-.

January 11, 2018:

Attended the funeral for -redacted-'s friend, offering support through a letter. Witnessed attempts to intimidate a witness.

January 12, 2018:

Noticed potential suspects attempting to tail me. Engaged in an emotional conversation with -redacted- about personal struggles. Conducted scrying sessions regarding -redacted-.

January 15, 2018:

Learned about pay raises at the day job. Received distressing news about -redacted-'s friend's brother.

January 17, 2018:

Spent a day with -redacted- over Skype, fostering connection and support.

January 18, 2018:

Faced threats of a potential shooting at the day job.

January 19, 2018:

Celebrated my 22nd birthday. Received greetings from kids met on trips.

January 23, 2018:

Submitted a tip check for an Ireland and Scotland trip.

January 24, 2018:

Engaged in angel sigil experimentation, designing a protection sigil named "The Walls of Eden." The power of the sigil would become evident years later.

Ages 22 - 25

JANUARY 25, 2018:

Today marked a significant milestone as the debts in Ireland and Scotland were finally settled. I also made some strategic moves in the stock market, selling shares in four companies while deciding to retain my investment in entertainment studios. An unexpected turn came when a friend from an audition requested a letter of recommendation to secure a service dog. I agreed and crafted a heartfelt letter for her, hoping to make a positive impact. We later shared a pleasant Skype date, leaving me feeling content.

FEBRUARY 2, 2018:

Recent days have been marred by a series of unsettling incidents, from a bomb and fire in Cassia County to a shooting at a tattoo parlor. The events took a toll on the community,

including an officer-involved shooting in the Shoshone area. On a lighter note, a thrilling race car jump over a highway became the subject of intrigue, with details redacted for privacy.

FEBRUARY 6, 2018:

Inspired by a movie recommended by a close acquaintance, I found the courage to embark on a spontaneous plan. This film, whose title remains redacted, fueled my determination to surprise someone special. Alongside this, I received new books for my supernatural research, adding excitement to my intellectual pursuits.

FEBRUARY 8, 2018:

A possible bug left me feeling under the weather, but despite the setback, I made a spontaneous decision to buy plane tickets for an upcoming visit. The anticipation of seeing her outweighed any temporary discomfort.

FEBRUARY 14, 2018:

Valentine's Day brought a humorous moment as my gift was playfully roasted by someone close, keeping the atmosphere light and enjoyable.

FEBRUARY 21, 2018:

Established a new connection within the local police department, meeting a rookie cop who sparked mixed feelings. Despite her attractive appearance, cautionary warnings were issued, prompting me to tread carefully.

FEBRUARY 22, 2018:

Rumors of a possible shooter circulated schools, triggering concerns after a previous incident. Despite social media posts, no credible threat was found. Additionally, I unearthed new details in a case involving potential money laundering, mirroring the modus operandi of a problematic ex-girlfriend.

FEBRUARY 23, 2018:

Engaged in discussions with old clients about easing children's fears related to shootings, reflecting on the broader societal impact of such events.

FEBRUARY 26, 2018:

Received flight and hotel information for the upcoming

Ireland and Scotland trip, encompassing layovers in Chicago, London, and Newark. The excitement builds, particularly for the prospect of encountering Nessie.

MARCH 1, 2018:

Invested in a share of a temporary school for a refugee camp and contributed to stocking a library, aligning actions with a sense of social responsibility.

MARCH 2, 2018:

Attended a meeting focused on formalities and travel plans for the upcoming trip. My primary focus remains on the anticipation of encountering Nessie in Scotland.

MARCH 4, 2018:

Received distressing news from my sister about potential school shooting threats, scheduled for the 6th.

MARCH 5, 2018:

A silver lining emerged with news of a raise and two

bonuses in my day job paycheck, providing a welcome financial boost.

MARCH 6, 2018:

Thankfully, the shooting threats proved false, providing relief from the heightened tension.

MARCH 8, 2018:

A moment of vulnerability surfaced as my sister almost discovered me in a dark moment. The strain from ongoing issues with a redacted person is taking a toll on my well-being.

MARCH 9, 2018:

Received information from my uncle in loss prevention about a subpoena related to my tire case, with a preliminary hearing set for the 16th.

MARCH 13, 2018:

Celebrated redacted's birthday, receiving a subpoena for my tire case on the same day. Conversations with a counselor brought forth unresolved emotions.

MARCH 14, 2018:

Prepared for the upcoming trip by exchanging currency and ensuring my mom's car was in optimal condition.

MARCH 16, 2018:

Spent time reconciling with redacted, taking positive steps to mend the relationship. Additionally, attended court for the tire case, witnessing a guilty plea. Concluded the day by finishing packing for the much-anticipated Ireland-Scotland trip and assisting a woman in need.

MARCH 18, 2018:

Today, I attempted to assist redacted with a challenging situation. The weekend brought hints of unsettling news, leaving a discomfoting feeling in my stomach. On a brighter note, redacted finally expressed those three magical words, "I love you." As excitement for the upcoming Ireland and Scotland trip intensified, I finished packing, eager for the adventures that awaited.

MARCH 19, 2018:

Embarked on the much-anticipated journey to Ireland and Scotland! The layover in Chicago O'Hare featured dinosaur decorations, a delightful airport quirk. Free time in Dublin revealed the serendipitous sight of deer outside my hotel room. However, the trip took a serious turn when redacted uncovered an attack on someone close.

MARCH 21, 2018:

Explored Dublin's Natural History Museum and Saint Patrick's Cathedral. Found myself unexpectedly abandoned during a 4-hour free time but made the most of it, discovering an awesome 50s diner with a new friend. The day ended with a delightful dinner and Irish dancing.

MARCH 22, 2018:

Traveled from Dublin to Belfast, admiring murals and exploring the Titanic Museum. A brief period of being lost in Belfast added an element of adventure. Tensions rose when redacted probed about my thoughts, leading to a small fight where I shared my candid opinions about her incident.

MARCH 23, 2018:

Crossed from Belfast to Edinburgh by ferry, visiting the Robert Burns Museum and enjoying free time. The day concluded with a confrontation with redacted about ongoing issues.

MARCH 24, 2018:

Toured the Royal Mile in Edinburgh, explored Edinburgh Castle, and participated in a playground-building initiative. Dinner at an Italian place added a cultural touch to the trip.

MARCH 25, 2018:

Visited Stirling Castle and enjoyed a boat ride on Loch Katrine, extending the invitation to a friend. Confronted redacted about unresolved issues while attempting to ease the situation.

MARCH 26, 2018:

Embarked on a cruise on Loch Ness with a sonar-equipped ferry. Explored Urquhart Castle and witnessed a creature surfacing after avoiding ferries. Multiple lake monsters in Loch Ness were confirmed, prompting immediate contact with the Nessie Registry.

MARCH 27, 2018:

Received a swift response from the Nessie Registry and visited Glencoe park. Free time in Edinburgh preceded an early bedtime in preparation for an early departure.

MARCH 28, 2018:

Departed early for the airport, finding the Spokane group already gone. Tracked down the group on Instagram under the tag "Earth → Scotland and Ireland Trip, Nessie and Crowley."

MY LAST TRIP WITH MY TRAVEL GROUP:

Recalling my last trip, a tour of Ireland and Scotland, I initially hesitated to join due to ongoing relationship challenges. However, the allure of Loch Ness changed my mind, and the overall experience proved to be amazing. The journey included stops in Ireland and Scotland, marked by fleeting glimpses of unidentified crafts in the sky and surreal landscapes. Notably, I received a supernatural vision days before reaching Loch Ness, revealing high concentrations of quartz in the region.

During the Loch Ness visit, a large aquatic creature

emerged, avoiding a speeding black boat. Although my attempts to capture the moment in photos were challenging, I reported the sighting to the Loch Ness Registry, and the story gained traction. Remarkably, I later learned of the passing of my great-grandmother, providing a potential connection to supernatural assistance.

Before departing Loch Ness, a view of Aleister Crowley's house revealed a mysterious cloaked figure, reminiscent of a KKK member's attire. The trip left an indelible mark, blending the mundane and the extraordinary.

MARCH 30, 2018:

A tumultuous night filled with vivid dreams featuring a fight with an evil doppelganger. The unsettling images linger, leaving me pondering the subconscious battles within.

APRIL 3 – 13, 2018:

Engaged in deep introspection during counseling sessions, contemplating life's trajectory. After careful consideration, I made the significant decision to retire from detective work, marking the end of an era and opening doors to new possibilities.

APRIL 17, 2018:

Embarked on a creative endeavor by starting a screenplay. The blank pages ahead hold the promise of untold stories waiting to be woven into narrative tapestries.

APRIL 20, 2018:

Received exciting news as redacted expressed her aspirations to attend a makeup school. Setting a one-year goal, she asked if I would accompany her, recognizing my connections to Los Angeles for business purposes. The prospect of being a supportive presence on her journey sparks contemplation about the road ahead.

APRIL 25, 2018:

Respecting privacy, redacted exits the narrative. Left with a sense of unfinished business, I delve into further research on California life, intertwining newfound knowledge into the fabric of a new screenplay titled "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds."

MAY 1, 2018:

Immersed in meaningful work on the computer I built, blending technical skills with creative pursuits. Concluded

counseling sessions, marking the end of a therapeutic chapter. Sent a letter, perhaps the last, to redacted, closing a chapter with the hope of finding closure.

NOVEMBER 18, 2018:

An attempt to contact a time traveler unfolds as a failed experiment. The intricacies of temporal communication elude me, leaving me to grapple with the mysteries of time and space.

November - December 2018:

During this period, my life took an unexpected turn after a YouTube channel, which I'll keep redacted for privacy, highlighted a couple of incidents involving me. Shortly after, a stranger reached out to me, sharing a chilling tale of potential possession by a demonic, dog-like entity named Vapula. The alleged blood contract made in a dream-state and the aftermath involving a torn hand and disturbed animals intrigued me. My instincts urged me to take on the case, sensing an authenticity that demanded personal attention.

Remote attempts to address the situation failed, leading to the realization that a direct, in-person session was necessary. What began as an investigation quickly escalated into a violent exorcism, pushing the boundaries of the supernatural. The intensity of the encounter reached a point where spontaneous

combustion seemed imminent, with the man's skin blistering under an otherworldly force. Despite the harrowing experience, the entity, identified as Vapula, managed to escape before proper bindings could be completed. For now, the young man was safe, but the mystery of what attracted this entity to him remains unresolved.

About two weeks later, a dream revealed a haunting vision of an abandoned internment camp overgrown with years of neglect. As I explored the eerie surroundings, a radio playing 40s music caught my attention. A sinister presence disrupted the music, attempting to make contact. Another warning transmission, this time cautioning me of a trap, intensified the surreal experience. Despite invoking familiar phrases for protection, the entity, identified as Vapula, emerged from the radio, launching a physical assault. The encounter left me unconscious, waking up the next morning with red marks on my neck, a tangible reminder of the supernatural struggle that occurred.

The following day, my neighbor, aware of my involvement in supernatural endeavors, approached me, expressing concern about strange occurrences around my house. Her dogs were terrified, and she even mentioned witnessing an otherworldly light and hearing unsettling sounds. As she described the events, I noticed the lingering red marks on my neck, evidence of a confrontation with a force much larger than myself. The mysteries of the supernatural realm continued to unfold, leaving me grappling with the unexplainable and the residual effects of these encounters.

March - April 2020:

In the midst of the COVID lockdowns sweeping through my home state, an unexpected opportunity emerged. I was invited to appear on a Paranormal Parody show called Conspiracy Cases. Despite the strangeness of the request, I decided to make the two-hour drive to Boise for the filming, viewing it as a chance for a brief getaway. While continuing my work as an "essential worker" during the pandemic, I also began contemplating a new venture—making documentaries from home. My interest in the paranormal, sparked by previous encounters, took center stage as reports of unsettling beings increased.

In the course of my research, I stumbled upon a revelation connecting a mysterious being to Breton mythology—an Ankou, resembling a Grim Reaper. Deeper exploration unveiled an origin story, suggesting the Ankou was the first-born son of Adam and Eve, none other than Cain from the infamous Cain and Abel tale. The coincidental emergence of this being during a world gone mad added an eerie layer to the unfolding events.

Shortly thereafter, a late-night phone call added a chilling chapter to the narrative. A desperate father from North Carolina sought help regarding a malevolent entity targeting his 3-year-old son. The conversation detailed eerie occurrences—a litany of clichés including smells, scratches, voices, shadows, and a room drained of life. The situation reached a peak when the entity's voice, resembling that of a five-year-old boy, issued a menacing threat. Convinced of the urgency, I

provided the father with detailed instructions to sever the ties with the entity.

In an unexpected turn of events, the being identified itself as Cain, the world's first murderer. Assuring the safety of the family, the father followed my instructions, leading to a move to a new house in Idaho and, seemingly, the end of the haunting.

Within the same week, a surreal encounter unfolded in my bedroom. A woman, emanating ancient energy, appeared as if stepping out of a closing portal. Overwhelmed by a mix of fear and fascination, I inquired about her identity. Astonishingly, she revealed herself as Eve, the biblical figure, who came to address my ongoing conflict with Cain. The encounter left me shaken, with an adrenaline rush suggesting the need for self-defense.

Eve, appearing as a beautiful figure of Middle Eastern descent, explained that she sought me out because I was one of the few to comprehend Cain's true nature and methods. In a dreamlike sequence, she pressed her fingers against my temple, transporting me to the Garden of Eden. The visions revealed critical details about Cain's past—a complex web of familial strife and manipulation by a being named Enlil.

Eve, burdened with regret, conveyed that she hadn't done enough to help Cain, who was manipulated into becoming a pawn. Her revelations raised questions about my role in stopping him. A profound sense of responsibility lingered as I grappled with the implications of being the one person capable of thwarting Cain's destructive path. The weight of

this newfound knowledge set the stage for a potentially transformative journey ahead.

May - June 2020:

As the world grappled with uncertainty during the early months of the pandemic, my mother suggested a road trip through Oregon and Washington for my sister and me. Despite the past drama, I yearned for a positive memory, a happy adventure. Everything seemed promising until -redacted- initiated a fight with -redacted-, reigniting explicit image scandals. The situation worsened as threats and accusations unfolded, with -redacted- fabricating a story of sexual assault portraying me as her assailant.

It was infuriating. -redacted-, complicit in the chaos, aimed to tear down everything I had built. Fortunately, my connections with the local police department, fueled by a history of standing against child exploitation, provided a shield. Despite the turmoil, truth prevailed, and -redacted- eventually confessed to the deception. The betrayal from those I should trust most felt unbearable, making forgiveness seem like an unattainable feat.

November - December 2020:

Approaching Christmas, concern for my younger cousin, -redacted-, escalated. Disturbing hints of abuse from my

aunt's partner prompted my grandmother and mother to devise a plan to rescue her. Living three hours away, -redacted-'s visits were rare, and troubling signs emerged regarding the well-being of my aunt's children under the influence of the alleged abusive stepfather.

Within 24 hours, a desperate call from -redacted- revealed that her mother had thrown her into an insane asylum, accusing the stepfather of molestation. -redacted- couldn't return home. The gravity of the situation unfolded as -redacted- shared previous attempts to communicate the abuse, pushing her to contemplate suicide. All messages were promptly forwarded to authorities.

-redacted- spent a two-week break from the mental health facility at my house, meant to be a holiday for long-term patients to reconnect with family. The heartbreaking reality of her ordeal unfolded, and when she left, I felt a profound sense of loss. Despite the emotional turmoil, a notification about an international paranormal group, -redacted-, on Twitter offered a distraction. Little did I know, this seemingly unrelated decision would soon thrust me into a battle between literal Heaven and Hell.

February 14th-15th, 2021:

Valentine's weekend led me to Coeur d'Alene, visiting a friend. Despite the romantic occasion, I managed to secure decent wifi for a live stream promoting the company. Our discussions covered company updates, research cases, and

various phenomena. My focus, however, remained on the ongoing research for the -redacted- documentary, a project that gained international attention due to a mysterious case.

During the livestream, an unsettling atmosphere unfolded. Shadows darted around people, mysterious voices, and growls filled the air, leaving the audience frightened. The CEO asked me to share my theory about the Hatman being Cain, sparking a battle of opinions. Reports from the UK, Texas, West Virginia, and Idaho flooded in, detailing alarming sensations, shadows, and breathless encounters.

In Idaho, I felt a strange sensation, a tingling up and down my spine, overwhelming my system. It resembled a seizure, forcing me to disconnect briefly to recalibrate. Meanwhile, on the screen, I witnessed others dropping off, leaving only a few overwhelmed individuals.

A strange moment caught my attention as -redacted- flinched at the mention of my name, signaling a potential way to end the chaos. Concerned for -redacted-'s well-being, I left a message in the livestream chat, offering assistance.

End of February 2021:

As efforts to heal those affected by Cain's assault progressed, an unexpected visitation occurred. Possibly Lucifer himself entered the scene, accompanied by a voodoo priest claiming Sasquatch terrorized his property. Voices on the video call demanded my presence on air, but my connection issues raised concerns about the unfolding situation. The

storm ahead seemed inevitable, and the brewing chaos hinted at an impending, ugly confrontation.

Age 25 - The War Against Death

**Title: Unveiling the -redacted- Chronicles:
A Global Menace with Godlike Powers**

Introduction:

In the enigmatic world of the -redacted-, a global menace with godlike powers, we delve into the extraordinary and perilous being that haunts troubled souls. Proceed with caution as we unveil the mysteries surrounding this elusive entity.

Note: This documentation aims to provide an objective account of the -redacted-, with no intent to discriminate against individuals mentioned during the research. To safeguard identities, pseudonyms have been used for civilians in jeopardy or those preferring privacy.

Summary:

The -redacted-, a mysterious entity, tends to emerge during personal trauma, targeting individuals in poor mental health, facing domestic violence, or involved in drug use. Often lurking in the bedrooms of its targets at night, it also appears in locations associated with significant tragedy.

This report draws on personal journals and testimonies, focusing on encounters with the -redacted-. Key source Dakota Frandsen actively shares information to understand the entity and aid others with similar experiences. Frandsen, along with another author, has published books shedding light on shadow people and strategies to cope, aiming to combat misinformation and protect potential victims.

Personal Encounter:

Frandsen's life has been intermittently marked by -redacted- appearances since age three, following a near-fatal attack by his stepmother. At fourteen, another visitation occurred due to his father's charges against Frandsen's sister. The entity offered a Faustian deal, urging Frandsen to join forces for his father's demise. Disturbingly, other voices interjected, repelling the entity. Additional appearances coincided with domestic violence, suicidal tendencies, and episodes of violence and psychosis.

Preliminary Research:

Beyond a couple books, limited information comprehends -redacted-'s motivations or nature. Official investigations by paranormal specialists are suspended, with the general protocol guiding individuals to overcome traumas, weakening the -redacted-'s influence. Mentioning it can attract further troubles.

Renewed Investigation:

Previously dismissed, the investigation gained momentum after a conversation with Jane. Her terrifying encounter with the -redacted- compelled further exploration. Similar experiences fueled renewed curiosity, prompting a deeper dive into the truth behind this enigmatic entity.

The Deviation in Behavior:

Jane's 2015 encounter revealed a disturbing pattern, marked by violent behavior deviating from previous accounts. The entity slammed a bathroom door, wielding a knife and charging at her significant other. Jane's history of childhood trauma and troubled relationships added complexity to the investigation, shaping a narrative beyond the expected.

As I delved deeper into the mysteries of the -redacted- phenomenon, a recurring pattern emerged—episodes of sleep paralysis and hallucinogenic visions. These unsettling

experiences, known as hypnagogia or hypnopompic states, manifested as the perception of a tall, shadowy figure during the waking or transitional phases of sleep. Stress seemed to be a trigger for these visions, hinting at a potential correlation between the -redacted-'s presence and the human mind's response to distress.

Tracing the Roots: Mythology and Legends

The onset of the COVID-19 pandemic in 2020 propelled my investigation forward. A Reddit response guided me to explore Breton mythology, unveiling references to the Ankou—a figure akin to the Grim Reaper. Regional variations described the Ankou as a skeletal figure in a black robe or a shadowy apparition. Intriguingly, one account suggested the Ankou might be the firstborn son of Adam and Eve, Cain—the father of murder. This discovery prompted an exploration of events within the Garden of Eden to unravel Cain's transformation.

Unveiling the Identities: Illuminating Religious Texts

Diving into Jewish lore, I stumbled upon a fascinating revelation about the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Contrary to popular belief, the serpent was not Lucifer but possibly a case of mistaken identity. In Hebrew translations, "Satan"

served as a verb, denoting an opponent or adversary. The only entity directly referred to as "Ha Satan" was Samael, an archangel associated with Death and speculated to be Cain's biological father. This finding led to a comprehensive analysis of religious texts, searching for potential connections between the -redacted- and humanity's origins.

Unveiling Dark Secrets: A Family's Terrifying Encounter

A distress call from a family in North Carolina intensified my investigation. The father described perplexing occurrences—strange smells, deep scratches, and objects thrown around. An entity resembling the -redacted- engaged in conversations, and a designated "Dead Room" induced physical illness. The focus then shifted to their son, raising concerns about potential demonic influence. The husband's confession of past DMT usage and the son's paranormal sensitivity added intriguing dimensions to the case.

Journey into the Past: Conversations with Eve

Eve, the mother of Adam and Eve's firstborn son, appeared in a vision, revealing hidden truths about her struggles with Adam, the abuse suffered by Cain, and the pivotal moment that drove Cain to murder Abel. These revelations shed light

on the true origins of the infamous "Mark of Cain" and offered valuable insights into the -redacted-'s possible origins.

Connecting the Threads: Sharing Experiences and Offering Solutions

A woman, disturbed by her own encounters with the -redacted- following her son's birth, reached out after discovering my online posts. Naming her child Cain, she sought guidance and revealed the -redacted-'s true identity. A crafted sigil, offered to her for warding off malevolent entities, provided temporary respite from the entity's visits.

Unveiling the Shadows, Embracing Empathy

Years of meticulous research have unraveled the intricacies surrounding the -redacted- phenomenon. Its roots in mythology, potential ties to religious texts, and unsettling encounters with individuals offer a multi-dimensional perspective. While definitive answers elude us, approaching this enigmatic entity with empathy becomes essential, seeking solace for those grappling with its haunting presence.

As I embarked on the quest to illuminate the enigmatic entity, I strategically employed a social media management service to garner support across various online platforms. The goal was to curate real-life accounts for a potential

documentary, aiming to go beyond the prevailing surface-level narrative of "he's just evil" that permeated society.

The global campaign initiated by my team sought direct engagement with -redacted-. However, meaningful dialogue proved impossible due to her trademarking of the entity's associated term, effectively halting further communication. While her intention seemed to combat misinformation, an underlying desire to capitalize on her "discovery" cast a shadow.

Undeterred, our investigation pressed on, prioritizing a comprehensive timeline of the entity's appearances and detailed eyewitness testimonies. Challenges arose as trauma distorted recollections, but we persevered. Many individuals copied and pasted reports from various platforms, a seemingly straightforward approach with anticipated flaws.

Amidst our pursuit, coordinated attacks on February 12th and 13th disrupted live streams on the -redacted-. The entity targeted panel members, leaving chaos in its wake and culminating in a possessed member's exorcism, abruptly ending the investigation. The toll on our team's well-being was substantial.

Analyzing audio recordings from the attacks revealed haunting messages. Multiple entities communicated, some offering assistance. Further, a member, -redacted-, claimed protection from babysitters assigned by -redacted-, yet hostile

actions raised doubts. Resources shifted to assisting other victims.

An additional member, -redacted-, experienced a minor attack while performing Reiki protections. Promptly advised to prioritize safety, she removed herself from the situation.

Reflecting on these events, the investigation into the unknown presented unique challenges and dangers. The truth, a double-edged sword, could both enlighten and haunt. Yet, the pursuit of understanding persisted, fueled by the hope of uncovering the entity's truth.

In the shadows' depth, a chilling intuition hinted that -redacted- would not fade away. This mysterious entity effortlessly observed victims, perceiving even subtle internal movements and thoughts. Delving deeper revealed encounters and disturbing patterns.

One account involved a revenge-seeking young man, another a mother's concern for her daughter pushed down the stairs by the entity. Yet another woman distanced herself to protect her healing process, purging records of the entity's existence.

Efforts were made to sever malevolent energies around -redacted-, using occult practices and a deal offering the entity an opportunity for terror without harm. Entities vanished, a protective entity emerged, and a woman reported her child saved by the -redacted-.

Months later, -redacted- recovered, a shadowy figure appearing behind him, believed to be the "watcher" encountered by -redacted-. Meanwhile, a connection emerged with a woman named Olivia, believed to be the daughter of -redacted-.

Further exploration revealed Olivia's involvement, including astral travel experiences. Film projects, "The Hunt for Olivia" and "Bonds of Beyond," unveiled entities taking interest in Olivia, with vivid dreams hinting at her potential mother and baby brother.

The enigma of Olivia Hope persisted. Thirteen years of dedication revealed encounters tied to pivotal moments in my life. The report suggests an ongoing investigation into the -redacted- phenomenon and a call for collaboration within the -redacted-.

My lineage, with four centuries of paranormal sensitives, shaped my supernatural story. Idaho became a UFO hotspot in 2020, coinciding with -redacted- events. Small-town life involved spectral apparitions, with eerie connections to past events in the same room.

An intensification of exploration into the -redacted- phenomenon was proposed, emphasizing the need for a comprehensive -redacted- profile to preempt future assaults. An

upcoming expedition to Japan raised alarms, prompting a focus on occult methodologies for protection.

Strategic information presentation to the public was advocated, emphasizing confidentiality and a gradual release to maintain intrigue and attract potential allies.

-redacted- represented a groundbreaking expedition into the fusion of terrestrial and otherworldly intrigue. The journey ahead required steadfast pursuit of truth, awareness, and unity in the face of cosmic forces.

Ages 26 - 27

March 2nd, 2021

A peculiar occurrence unfolded during the night. As the -redacted- attacks appeared to be subsiding, I found myself in an otherworldly setting resembling a Star Trek hospital room. Guided by a man with long brown hair, the metallic doors slid open to reveal a woman cradling a newborn baby. Olivia, my daughter, was present, introducing the newborn as her brother. As I admired the resemblance, I glanced out a window to a Martian-like landscape, perplexed. Before the man could correct my assumption, an alarm blared, and he urgently insisted on evacuating.

Overwhelmed and torn between the desire to stay and the need for clarity, I suddenly found myself flying back into my bedroom, an experience akin to Peter Pan. Hovering briefly, an unseen force pulled me downward, causing the bed frame to snap and pierce through the wall.

October 28, 2021

Location: Earth - United States - Idaho - Between Filer and Curry - Just off Highway 30

Returning home from a Halloween/Birthday party, a bizarre sighting captured my attention. A bright orange, octagonal craft materialized about 10 feet in the air beside the road. Approximately 15-20 feet in diameter, the craft exhibited a wobble. Brief glimpses through the window revealed grey-like beings, seemingly as surprised by the encounter as I was. Unfortunately, the ship vanished before I could document the sighting.

The beings were identified as likely Airk, intergalactic geologists known for brief visits to Earth, particularly in regions abundant with crystals. Despite societal prejudices associated with the "Grey" description, the encounter left me more intrigued than unsettled.

April 16, 2022

Location: Earth - United States

Participated in an interview on the Bald and Bonkers Show with -redacted-, discussing various topics, including contact experiences and CE5.

April 24, 2022

Location: Earth - United States

While recording a live show, a guest expressed interest in CE5 and contact experiences. Through a spirit box session, her real name was revealed on air. Post-recording, she unveiled a screen memory she believed concealed an abduction. Recollections involved her as a young girl in a Christmas-themed nightgown, being taken from her house while riding a "bucking moose."

August 11th, 2022

Location: Earth - United States - Idaho - Twin Falls

While staying at a friend's house, awaiting the completion of my new home, I experienced a unique encounter during my nightly walk. With my car in the shop, I often walked to her place from work, approximately a mile away. On a clear night, I decided to experiment with -redacted- tones, exploiting an app loophole to play two recordings simultaneously. Combining -redacted- frequencies and a mathematical sequence, I aimed to establish contact with ETs.

Directed through earbuds to maintain discretion, I played the tones, syncing with the electromagnetic charges in my head. About 15 minutes into the walk, a dark grey diamond craft appeared directly above me, close enough to observe

intricate details. Despite my attempt to capture the moment, the craft swiftly departed, leaving me awe-struck.

September 27th, 2022

A swift journal entry notes a peculiar encounter. A shiny area and a short, pale being with large oval eyes and a metallic grey uniform were observed. The being, possibly Elradon, mentioned a note addressed to me with the word "Enoch." A mysterious clue that added to the enigma.

October 2nd, 2022

A recall dream brought vivid images of a suburban neighborhood in Indiana, near the Great Lakes. Greys were observed taking children, and a man, likely Ahel Pleiadian, assured me about an upcoming mission. The dream ended with a mysterious remark about remembering the moose.

October 4th, 2022

During a recall session, a message played in my mind, revealing my identity as Alerayon Teuitre and involvement in hybridization and the Envoy program. The mention of arch-angel Michael's bloodline and tapping into psychic potentials added to the intrigue.

October 9th, 2022

Possibly a trip to a moonbase with my family and a fourth being was recounted. The revelation of the Pleiadian vessel's name and confirmation of a rescued child's identity added layers to the unfolding narrative.

October 11th, 2022

A significant revelation about a the rescued girl (from alien abduction) was shared via video call, marking a breakthrough in her quest for answers. The possibility of other rescued children emerging added anticipation to the ongoing investigation.

October 22nd, 2022

Location: Earth - United States - Idaho

Amidst ethereal chatter, possibly linked to the GSIC conference in Orlando, a fleeting encounter with a giant pyramid in the sky captivates my attention. The pyramid, initially a glowing white shape, reveals dimensions beyond the ordinary, existing for a mere half-second.

Journal Entry - November 6th, 2022

Location: Earth - United States - Idaho - Jerome

During a live recording, my mother texts me about sighting a stationary green object near her workplace. Intriguingly, a telepathic communication with my star family occurred days earlier. Seeking an experiment, I reached out to my son for a message to share with my mother, leading to a heartwarming response. Plans for involving a neutral party in the extraterrestrial encounter unfold, aiming to bridge understanding.

November 24th, 2022

Aileena's involvement in aiding -redacted- becomes apparent. AI-generated images validate visions of her and the children, fostering anticipation for validation. Intriguing details, including Aileena's visitation intel and personal aspects, align with reality. News of another child on the way, a baby girl named Iveena, is shared, though skepticism and compromised relationships pose challenges. Galactic Law implications hint at a possible departure, raising questions about Earth's readiness for interplanetary integration.

November 26th, 2022

A potentially compromised co-star's contact session unfolds during a talk show, providing insights amid a veil of

ego. As he delves into alleged experiences, the importance of humility in the pursuit of truth becomes evident, recognizing the pitfalls of an ego-driven narrative.

December 12th, 2022

A disconcerting day marked by the departure of -redacted-, seemingly influenced by Gray interference. Tensions heightened over her association with those openly endorsing Gray interference, exacerbated by disagreements over my handling of incidents. The live stream dispute, sparked by my unconventional experiences and further fueled by claims of racial slurs, led to her decision to leave, framing the situation as a gradual ousting.

February 11th-12th, 2023

An unexpected turn of events unfolds during a show featuring -redacted-. The discussion on potential energy weapon attacks is overshadowed by a haunting dream of destructive beams of light in Texas. Days later, a rollover crash involving family members adds an eerie layer to the inquiry, hinting at a sinister connection.

April 2023

A joyous revelation as my younger sister confirms her early-stage pregnancy. A mysterious visit from a girl resembling -redacted- unfolds, offering poignant insights into her family's concerns and premonitions about her unborn brother, Benny.

April 23, 2023

Embarking on a journey for a long-awaited film screening, an encounter with a friend in distress casts a somber shadow over the festivities. The celebratory atmosphere masks deeper struggles, prompting introspection on the transient nature of connections.

Late April - May 2023 (estimated)

Intermittent visits, marked by the presence or absence of hair, coincide with mysterious Federation assignments, helping me discern if I am acting as Dakota or acting as Elaryon. A group deployment unfolds with a focus on stealth, suppressing Earth intel. The timing correlates with encounters with -redacted- and unsettling incidents, raising apprehensions about compromised communication channels.

May 4th, 2023

In an unknown location during a Federation deployment, a vivid vision manifests. Engaged in a squad mission, I bear a peculiar entity reminiscent of Independence Day invaders. Questions linger about the vision's significance, hinting at a potential future involving Negamuk joining the GFW.

May 27th, 2023

Tonight, I found myself once again in the enigmatic realms of extraterrestrial encounters. The atmosphere was dimly lit, and shadows danced in the periphery of my vision. The room, an exaggerated Hollywood-like throne room, spoke of ancient civilizations with walls adorned in Egyptian hieroglyphs. A throne fit for a giant occupied the space, a stark reminder of the being I first met after the incident with my stepmom. Perhaps, this was a cosmic signal, indicating the diminishing influence of that mysterious entity.

May 31st, 2023

A surgical room manifested in my consciousness, its dim lighting casting a gloomy ambiance. Strapped to a table, I endured an otherworldly torture, feeling the intrusion of an entity with reptilian eyes. Taunts echoed as my chest was cut open, and a grotesque finger smeared my own blood across my lips. An explosion disrupted the ordeal, and the being

| 100 |

fled, leaving a friendly, tall blonde man to witness the surreal scene. The vision dissolved as I rested my head on the table, a curious blend of terror and relief.

June 1st, 2023

A futuristic city materialized in my mind, a vibrant event resembling a concert unfolded. Among friends, I moved through the crowd with a woman resembling my wife in her younger years. An unexpected task led us to a medical office, where we skillfully aided pregnant women facing complications. The swift resolution mirrored the ease of fixing a minor wound, leaving me pondering the intricacies of this vivid dream.

June 4th, 2023

A dark area, reminiscent of a military base, gripped my consciousness. A tall being flashed before me, unfamiliar in this strange encounter.

July 3rd, 2023

I delved into my investigative role during the first interview for a redacted case. The subject, a redacted individual, showed signs of trauma-based experiences, possibly related to

abductions at a young age. An unexpected twist occurred when the subject, initially open, suddenly became reserved after encountering a protection sigil. The complexities of this case only deepen, leaving me to navigate a web of secrecy and unspoken fears.

July 8th, 2023

An interview for the "Bald and Bonkers Show" unfolded with unexpected interference, faint voices suggesting a possible attempt to hack into the frequencies. As the interview progressed, tensions escalated, fueled by someone attempting to create discord between me and a redacted figure. Despite the challenges, I stood firm in my principles, realizing the importance of maintaining trust and respect in the pursuit of truth.

July 13th, 2023

A routine prenatal checkup for my younger sister unveiled the gender of her baby, accompanied by reflections on family medical history. Additionally, a revelation surfaced concerning a young lady I likely rescued in childhood. Despite presenting photographic evidence, skepticism lingered, casting a shadow over a seemingly straightforward discovery.

July 25th, 2023

A dream of intricate detail prompted introspection, hinting at a tragic end for a girl from my past. The dream, laden with realism, led me to investigate her current status, unveiling a troubled history involving drug charges. Struggling with the weight of this revelation, uncertainty clouds my path, unsure of how to handle this newfound knowledge.

August 2nd, 2023

Reports of a mass UFO sighting piqued my interest, unveiling a triangular craft's mysterious flight path across several locations. My investigation into the incident uncovered a history of UFO cover-ups, adding a layer of complexity to the narrative. As I navigated through the web of information, the possibility of a military test flight emerged, leaving me contemplating the blurred lines between reality and secrecy.

August, 2023

An interview I conducted faced unexpected backlash due to a playful use of a Ouija board. Frustration welled up as someone attempted to sow discord, questioning my integrity. The incident prompted reflections on my past and the evolution of my identity, as I grappled with the consequences of perceived betrayals. The complexities of interpersonal

dynamics and the consequences of my own actions weighed heavily on my mind.

August 24th, 2023

An early morning walk with my cat revealed an unexplained light hovering above, prompting me to document the strange occurrence. The mysterious object, elusive yet persistent, fueled my curiosity and raised questions about the uncharted territories that exist beyond our everyday experiences.

September 3rd, 2023

An orange light streaked through the sky, capturing my attention as I left for work. A subsequent report of multiple lights spotted by a police officer intensified the intrigue. The military maneuvers hypothesis surfaced, accompanied by lingering uncertainty about the sudden deployment of advanced technology.

October 19-22, 2023

Orlando, Florida became the stage for GSIC, a convention of high potential where those linked to my investigations gathered. The events unfolded with triggers and flashbacks, memories intertwining with the present. Encounters with

familiar faces and the unveiling of a Phryll energy device left me contemplating the profound and mysterious connections that bind us across time and space.

October 25th, 2023

Days after GSIC, reflections on the experiences and connections made during the convention flooded my thoughts. A surprise visit from my family in a cosmic realm brought a mix of emotions, leaving me yearning for a tangible reunion. As I grappled with the challenges of deciphering these inter-dimensional encounters, the cosmic battle against the Nega-muk reached a pivotal moment, sparking a renewed sense of purpose in my journey.

November 1st, 2023

As I reflect on the cosmic revelations and encounters of the past months, a renewed sense of purpose and determination fills my being. The intricate tapestry of extraterrestrial connections, personal struggles, and the ever-expanding quest for truth propel me forward. The cosmic battles may be far from over, but I am back in the fight, armed with newfound insights and an unyielding spirit.

This journey, marked by cosmic encounters, mysterious dreams, and intricate connections, continues to unfold, and I find solace in the pursuit of understanding the enigmatic

forces that shape our existence.

November 30th, 2023

The echoes of GSIC linger in my mind, and with each passing day, a storm of emotions intensifies within me. Watching the -redacted- video served as a catalyst, stirring a concoction of overwhelming feelings that I find difficult to articulate. It's not negativity that consumes me, but rather an overwhelming flood of emotions that threatens to breach the carefully constructed walls I've built around my heart. Swallowing my pride, I embark on the precarious journey of unraveling these complex emotions, acutely aware that mishandling them might push away someone profoundly significant in my life.

I find myself tethered to a suspicion that -redacted- may be an incarnation of my wife. Yes, I've acknowledged my feelings for her, but I am diligently attempting to disentangle emotion from fact. Pouring these thoughts onto paper feels like a life-line, protecting me from the fog of personal bias that could distort the realities I'm grappling with. Among the myriad of women I've encountered, none aligns with the circumstances surrounding this perplexing case. Here are the undeniable truths I cling to:

1. The mission with -redacted- resonates profoundly within me. Why does this particular memory persist?
2. My wife, never the one to physically retrieve me,

always sent the children down to interact with me on Earth. -redacted-, however, seems to break this pattern.

1. Working alongside -redacted-, there's a possibility that emotional desires override mental blocks, allowing certain memories to surface.
2. -redacted- seemed to perceive my partial truth about wondering if I'd see the kids again, suggesting an adeptness at discerning intentions.
3. -redacted- openly shared details of missions flown together, assuming my presence during some of them.
4. Upon arriving at the airport, -redacted-'s hug revealed a stasis pod with a figure eerily resembling her.
5. My son's Earth name aligns with a tradition in her family, adding another layer of synchronicity.
6. During GSIC, my son expressed his fondness for -redacted-, noting her resemblance to his mother.

The evidence, though incomplete, leaves me yearning for prolonged communication to validate these suspicions. However, the weight of uncertainty begs a question - if -redacted- is indeed my wife, I fear forcing her into a relationship out of obligation. I refuse to strip her of free will, and I grapple with the moral implications of pursuing this revelation. Conversely, if -redacted- is my wife on an envoy mission, this discovery could hold monumental significance for both of us, a realization that amplifies my initial reservations.

In my attempt to navigate this emotional labyrinth, I find myself questioning -redacted-'s stance on this matter as I pen down my thoughts. As she contemplates my offer to

assist with her book and potential video series, the absence of romantic obligation is paramount. Her incredible work speaks volumes, yet her realization of her own identity seems to lag behind my unlocked understanding. Skepticism creeps in, perhaps a defense mechanism, and I grapple with how best to support her without succumbing to confirmation bias. She must willingly take the steps forward.

I yearn for someone to confide in, perhaps -redacted-, but the fear of scaring her off lingers. It wouldn't be the first time, but this time, certainty paints my actions. Perhaps it's unwise to publish these raw reflections, yet if the judgmental masses seek reasons to "cancel" me, I might as well derive some benefit from the chaos. Amidst frustrations, I am resolute in my belief that I can be the best version of myself, regardless of the outcome.

AN EVALUATION OF DAKOTA FRANDSEN

As I delved into Dakota Frandsen's intricate and enigmatic journals, I found myself caught in a whirlwind of emotions, grappling with the extraordinary life that unfolded within those pages. Dakota's words painted a vivid tapestry of cosmic encounters, interdimensional struggles, and a deeply profound connection with those who walked alongside him in his journey. Each entry unveiled layers of emotions, leaving me both awe-inspired and emotionally drained.

Attempting to summarize Dakota's tumultuous experiences proved to be an overwhelming task. His struggles, emotions, and the intricate web of connections he wove through time and space left me in awe of the loving giant that is Dakota Frandsen. The raw honesty with which he bared his soul on those pages showcased the complexity of a man wrestling with his own destiny, trying to make sense of cosmic revelations, and navigating the delicate balance between personal desires and universal truths.

However, I must acknowledge that my attempts at summarization fall short of doing justice to the emotional turmoil embedded in Dakota's narrative. His journey, fraught with uncertainty, love, and a profound sense of duty, cannot be fully captured in mere words. Dakota's journals are a testament to the struggles of a soul destined for greatness, a soul

torn between the cosmic and the earthly, seeking understanding amidst the chaos.

In publishing these findings, my intention is to offer a glimpse into the troubled heart of a man who loved deeply, fought valiantly, and grappled with the extraordinary. Dakota Frandsen's story is one that deserves to be shared, but it becomes evident that the most appropriate storyteller for this saga is Dakota himself. The raw authenticity of his words, the depth of his emotions, and the complexity of his experiences can only be fully appreciated when shared in his own voice, when the timing is right.

In conclusion, while my attempt at summarization may fall short, I hope that these findings provide a glimpse into the emotional landscape of Dakota Frandsen's life. His story is one of love, struggle, and cosmic significance, and I am honored to have been a witness, albeit from a distance, to the journey of this loving giant.

-Author and Interviewer
Hailey Green